

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 17.

Boston, February, 1885.

No. 9.

Fountains for Boston.

At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a discussion arose as to why the drinking troughs for horses were covered up and not used during the winter months. A committee, consisting of Mrs. William Appleton and Mr. J. Frank Wadleigh, was appointed, and they were requested to consult with the authorities at the City Hall to see if some steps could be taken by which horses should not be deprived of water in winter. Mr. E. R. Jones, superintendent of the eastern division of the Boston water works, entered heartily into their views as representatives of the society, and the result was that the drinking trough on Atlantic avenue, near Federal street, has since been put in order, and hundreds of horses every day are availing themselves of the privilege and pleasure of slaking their thirst. The success of this experiment has been such that, doubtless, another year will see all the troughs running winter and summer, as should be.

There will soon be a really beautiful and at the same time practical fountain in the new Back Bay Park. It was proposed some years ago to erect a fountain in Post Office square with a statue of Lelf, to commemorate the discovery of what is now America by the Norsemen, 500 years before Columbus. This plan, for various good reasons, was given up, or rather changed. The writer of this article, who is treasurer of the fund, has now on deposit drawing interest, about \$4000. Of this, \$2000 came from concerts given by Ole Bull, \$1000 was subscribed by Thomas G. Appleton, and the rest by various persons. The intention now is to erect in the same park a fountain which shall be available for human beings and animals. On formal application a site has been granted by the park commissioners, a plan for the fountain designed by the well known architect, H. H. Richardson, and the work will begin as soon as the weather permits. It will be circular in form, two-thirds being given up to animals, and on the other third there will be a flight of steps by which persons can ascend to an ornamental fount, over which they will find a bas relief with a representation of the Vikings' galley which brought the adventurous Norsemen across the Atlantic Ocean. It will be artistic, symbolical of a great event in the history of the New World, and also arranged in such a way as to give pleasure to hundreds of thousands of human beings, and the dumb animals who cannot speak to express their appreciation of its merits.

—Nathan Appleton, in Boston Daily Advertiser.

A Timely Warning.

In view of the possible increase of the silly fashion of docking the tails of horses, in some cases done by persons who, in following a barbarous practice, take no thought of the needless suffering resulting therefrom, we call the attention of interested parties to the provisions of the Statute which forbids "mutilating," or "inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon an animal," that they may realize the full measure of the liability they assume either in performing, or in authorizing such an operation to be performed. It should be distinctly understood that the act is not only inhuman, but in direct violation of law.

[CHAP. 207.]

SECTION 52. Whoever mutilates an animal, or causes, or procures an animal to be so mutilated, and whoever, having the charge or custody of an animal, either as owner or otherwise, inflicts unnecessary cruelty upon it, shall be punished by imprisonment in jail not exceeding one year, or by fine not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SECTION 53. Every owner, possessor, or person having the charge or custody of an animal, who, knowingly and wilfully authorizes, or permits it to be subjected to unnecessary torture, suffering or cruelty of any kind, shall be punished in the manner provided in the preceding section.

A Winter Neighbor.

Winter, like poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows. For my part, my nearest approach to a strange bed-fellow is the little grey rabbit that has taken up her abode under my study floor. As she spends the day here and is out larking at night, she is not much of a bed-fellow after all. It is probable that I disturb her slumbers more than she does mine. I think she is some support to me under there—a silent, wide-eyed witness and backer; a type of the gentle and harmless in savage nature. She has no sagacity to give me or lend me, but that soft nimble foot of her's, and that touch as of cotton wherever she goes, are worthy of emulation. I think I can feel her good will through the floor, and I hope she can mine. When I have a happy thought I imagine her ears twitch, especially when I think of the sweet apple I will place by her doorway at night. I wonder if that fox chanced to catch a glimpse of her the other night when he stealthily leaped over the fence near by and walked along between the study and the house? How clearly one could read that it was not a little dog that had passed there.

—John Burroughs, in the Century.

The Robin in Folk-lore.

No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives
Till Robin-red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

In a communication to the *Library Journal* on folk-lore, Mr. Henry B. Wheatley shows how interwoven with it is the regard of English-speaking people, for the robin.

It is not as an illustration of religion that we study the mythology of the people, but to see how their beliefs have influenced their actions. A curious instance of this occurs to me, and, as it is very much to the point, perhaps I may be allowed to refer to it. Some correspondence has been printed in the *Times* respecting the scarcity in England of certain small birds, and one correspondent writes from France that he has seen strings of dead robins hanging up for sale in the market-place. Evidently, therefore, the French have no sentimental feeling for the poor little red-breast. The Englishman, of whatever class, who killed and ate a robin would be looked upon as little short of a murderer. There is no doubt that the keeping up of this feeling of the sacredness of the bird is due to the popular ballad of "The Babes in the Wood." The belief that the robin covers dead bodies with leaves was widely spread before that was written, but the favorite old ballad brought it home to all. We have here a remarkable instance of the influence of folk-lore, and one which accounts for the fascination of the study.

Hawthorne and the Fly.

The cheerful, sunny hum of flies is altogether summer-like, and so glad some that you pardon them their intrusiveness and impertinence, which continually impels them to fly against your face, to alight upon your hands, and to buzz in your very ear, as if they wished to get into your head, among your most secret thoughts. In fact, a fly is the most impertinent and indelicate thing in creation—the very type and moral of human spirits whom one occasionally meets with, and who, perhaps, after an existence, troublesome and vexatious to all with whom they come in contact, have been doomed to re-appear in this congenial shape. Here is one intent upon alighting on my nose. In a room now,—in a human habitation—I could find in my conscience to put him to death; but here we have intruded upon his own domain, which he holds in common with all the children of earth and air, and we have no right to slay him on his own ground.

—Hawthorne and his Wife.

His Birds.

How doth He shelter them, His birds,
That call among the breakers and fens
At twilight when the snowy herds
Stray down within the hollow glens?
Ah, whither do they rest
When from the stormy west,
Fierce-blown, the flakes are hurled
Like ashes across the world,
Covering the earth and every helpless thing?
Do they cower with piteous wing
Under the leaves that rattle in the sleet?
Do they cling with cold, bare feet
Unto the branches of the ice-mailed trees
That moan all night in the white distances?—
Snowy and bent is every leaf and stem:
Where doth He shelter them?
* * * * *

Nothing of His doth He leave shelterless;
None whom His pity seeks not and relieves!
Behold, out of the storm and cold,
The warm-fleeced sheep are gathered in a fold
Under His beechen boughs; in quietness
The patient kine lie sheltered in a croft,
While the thick snows aloft
Are whirled in gusts to the adjacent hill,
Where the warm swine among their leaves are still—
In the pale twilight dim
Lighting like birds upon each bending limb.
Nothing of His doth He leave shelterless;
Even the toads have holes wherein to bide;
By nooks and crofts in the white wilderness
He spreadeth couches on the bare hillside
Where His wild flocks may lie:
Shall then His pitying eye
Unseeing pass those humblest watchers by
Who trust and wait His coming patiently
When the white feet of Light
With slow steps walk the hill-tops silently,
And from the mournful north
The sexton winds start forth,
Flowing black graves thro' the swart sands of night!
* * * * *

Under the warm ricks and the byres
That lie a-field, white with the frost's keen fires,
In hedges, hay-mows, fodder-shocks that stand
Dotted, like ghosts, thick on the broad, white land,
Or housed in barns, beneath the roof's great boards,
Robins and linnets, birds of snow in hordes,
Or warm in grass-tufts, where the snows fall dim,
Fill they those homes which He hath ordered them,
Thatched with His care which shields night's bitter cold:
Thus doth His love enfold
All things of His that life hath upon earth!
* * * * *

—Chas. J. O'Malley in "The Current."

Bachelor Woodpecker at Winter Housekeeping.

My bird is a genuine little savage, doubtless, but I value him as a neighbor. It is a satisfaction during the cold or stormy winter nights to know he is warm and cozy there in his retreat. When the day is bad and unfit to be abroad in, I go and rap upon his tree, and, if he is not too lazy or indifferent, after some delay he shows his head in his round doorway about ten feet above, and looks down inquiringly upon me—sometimes latterly I think half resentfully, as much as to say, "I would thank you not to disturb me so often." After sundown he will not put his head out any more when I call, but as I step away I can get a glimpse of him looking cold and reserved. He is a late riser, especially if it is a cold or disagreeable morning, in this respect being like the barn fowls; it is sometimes near nine o'clock before I see him leave his tree. On the other hand, he comes home early, being in, if the day is unpleasant, by 4 P.M. He lives all alone; in this respect I do not commend his example.

—John Burroughs, in the Century.

More than 83° north—about a good day's steaming distance to the Pole by one of our fast steamers in clear water—Greely heard the song of a single bird sounding merrily over the desolation.

Bobolink Music.

Robert-of-Lincoln came. Bobolink is a very dandy-looking fellow, proud as a belle who has danced with the Prince of Wales or the Duke Alexis. He has a habit of singing his rattling notes in the air, and hovering until his rollicking solo is finished; or, if he commences his song on a stake or tree, he never rises until the music is completed. When Bob had nearly reached the tree his mouth opened, and he threw out notes without measure, rapid and jingling as a sleigh-bell waltz. The tinkling notes struck and rebounded, tumbled, rolled, and slid, and all the while the little wings were fluttering in the air as if they were working the bellows of the organ he was playing. What he said it is almost impossible to tell you, for he talks faster than almost any bird that flies, and runs his words together as I have heard school children sometimes; a habit well enough in birds, but very bad for readers and speakers. Many writers have tried to imitate his song. Bryant and Irving both give him a prominent place in their written picture galleries. When I was a boy on a farm we used to call him the corn-planting bird, and as we read his song he said, "Dig a hole, dig a hole, put it in, put it in, cover't up, cover't up, stamp on't, stamp on't, step along." He wore his parti-colored suit, the main portion a genteel black, a little whitish yellow powder in his hair, as if he had poked his head into a lily sometime and carried away the pollen, and a shoulder-strap of the same on each side of his neck, proving him a brigadier in the army of peace. In the autumn the bobolinks go South on a furlough, take off their gaudy uniform, put on suits of rusty black, change their name, and become either reed-birds or rice-birds.

—Hearth and Home.

"I'll Move, Too."

In reply to a young friend who was leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste or liking, an old lady of experience said: "My dear, when you have found a place where everything and everybody are always pleasant, and nothing is disagreeable whatever, let me know, and I'll move there, too."

The grumblers in any town or village who are always disparaging the place where they happen to reside, may get a good idea into their heads from the old lady's remark. There are some good people and some bad people, about an equal proportion in every place one may live in. If one is disposed to find the good and avoid the evil, almost any town can be made a pleasant habitation. We shall find human frailties and foibles wherever we find human beings—and possibly if we were to seek some spot where no human foot but our own ever penetrated, we might still occasionally see the weakness and evil passions of humanity illustrated.

Things are bad enough, no doubt, where we are, but will they be better elsewhere? The frying-pan may seem hot, but how about the fire? Sometimes the things that trouble us most are within, rather than outside, and it is hard work for a man to move away from himself.

Canon Farrar.

Canon Farrar preached at the harvest thanksgiving service at Crewe Green church recently. In the course of an eloquent address he remarked that there was never more than a year's food stored up in the world. Starvation which was often within a day's march of thousands, was once a year within a month's march of the whole human race. Man, whether he would or not, must live by faith. A hailstorm, a flight of locusts, an invisible animalculum, a microscopic germ, a thread-like insect, a single scorching wind—thousands of natural agencies which the slightest disturbance of the equilibrium of nature's forces would set in play—could in one week destroy the harvests of the world and reduce mankind to madness and desperation. Move the earth but a little nearer or a little farther from the sun, and the whole vegetable kingdom would be involved in immediate decay and rapid extinction. Alter but ever so little the inclination of the earth's axis as it rolls through space, and not a blade of corn could grow. The great lesson was the power and wisdom of God.

We seem to see the flight of a dead child upwards, like a butterfly's.

Deeds of Kindness.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Some primary pupils were taught
To care for the brute creation,
And these, the reports, they brought
For their teacher's consideration.

Bandaged Rover's wounded leg,
And for him a dinner of meat did beg.
Removed a worm that was nearly dead,
So that no one on it should tread.
Gave a blind horse a nife, good treat,
Leading him to feed where the clover grew sweet.
Reproved a boy for pelting a frog
That was cunningly seated on a log.
Thanked a woman who kindly fed
Wild birds with crumbs of bread.
Sent a "miller" from where it came
So it shouldn't be burnt by the flame.
Killed a poor fly that had lost its wing,
Then pleased pretty-poll by mending her swing.
Took kitty away from baby brother,
Because he worried the pussy-mother.
Freed a hen that had no more sense
Than get her head between the slats of a fence.
Untied the rope that was hurting the knee
Of a goat that tried to get free.
Helped a little pig to get his share,
Made the old hog for once be fair.
Restored a young robin to its own warm nest
So the mother-bird might have rest.
Pitied some poor fishes writhing in a heap,
Ought to be killed when taken from the deep.
Took in a little dog that undertook to roam,
Warmed and fed him, then sent him home.

—Dame Pickman.

The Norse Winter.

Of all white days the whitest
Are the white days of the North,
When the strong young winds of winter,
From his caverns flying forth,
Seal the lips of heedless waters
With the arctic kiss of truth;
When the pine tree and the fir tree,
From root to fronded crown,
Are in their very shadows white
As breasts of eider-down:
When hill and road and homestead,
Wide fields and distant spire,
Are spectral in the centre
Of the swift and soundless gyre
Of the millions upon millions
Of snow flakes everywhere,
In a tintless dream of silence,
Folding rolling earth and air.

—Z. B. Gustafson, in Harper

Hawthorne Watching his Children at Play.

Of all playthings, a living plaything is infinitely the most interesting to a child. A kitten, a horse, a spider, a toad, a caterpillar, an ant, a fly,—anything that can move of its own motion,—immediately has a hold on their sympathies. The dread of creeping things appears not to be a native instinct; for these children allow caterpillars to crawl on their naked flesh without any repugnance. Julian has obtained possession of a hen, and seems almost in the mind to put her into the street, but cannot prevail with himself so to do. However, he permits Una to put her through the fence, and they both stand looking at the hen, who chases an insect in the sunny street. Scarcely has she gone, when Julian opens the gate, runs in pursuit, and comes back with the fowl in his arms. Again the hen is gone; and Julian stands bemoaning himself at the gate; and both children hang on the gate, looking abroad, and themselves having somewhat the aspect of two birds in a cage. They come back and sit down on the door-step, and Una comforts Julian at great length for the loss of the hen, concluding as follows: "So now little Julian should not cry for the hen, when he has so many good things that God gives him."

—Hawthorne and his Wife.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

Band of Mercy Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge.

M. S. P. C. A.

on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost to every person in the world who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it, &c., &c. To every Band formed in America of forty or more, we send, also without cost, "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a leaflet of "Band of Mercy" hymns and songs. To every American teacher who forms an American Teacher's Band of twenty or more, we send all the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

We have badges, beautiful membership cards for those who want them, and a membership book for each Band that wants one, but they are not necessary unless wanted. All that we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all *harmless* living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." The machinery is so simple that any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost whatever, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish to purchase badges, hymn and song leaflet, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; hymn and song leaflet, fifty cents a hundred; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, six cents. The "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," cost only two cents for the whole ten bound together in one pamphlet, full of anecdote as well as instruction.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a good, kind act, to make the world happier and better, is earnestly invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy hymn and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies].

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

Orders for the enlarged collection of Melodies in book form can now be filled forthwith. For fifty copies or upwards, at the rate of \$2.00 per 100. Three cents each for smaller quantities.

New Bands of Mercy.

3573. Hartford, Conn. The Asylum Hill Band.
P., Eugene Winter.
S., Ned Talcott.

THE AMERICAN TEACHERS' BANDS.

410. Dupont, Wis. Hemlock Grove Band.
P. & S., Mrs. Ettie Riggs.
3687. Port Trevorton, Pa. Wide Awake Band.
P. & S., James C. Schaffer.
412. New Brighton, N. Y. District No. 3 Band.
3689. P., M. A. Macdonald.
S., Mrs. S. Wilkinson.

413. Yates Center, Kansas. Band of Love Band.
3690. P. & S., Minnie Harris.

414. Gridley, Cal. Silver Star Band.

3743. P., Geo. Sooy.
S., Bertha Worman.
T., Christina Lambie.

415. Joliet, Ill. Little Workers' Band.

3744. P., DeWitt Norton.
S., Joseph Mills.
T., Maggie L. Gibbons.

416. Russellville, Ohio.

3745. P. & S., J. S. Montgomery.

417. Joliet, Ill. Golden Rule Band.

3746. P., Ida M. Folger.
S., Hamer Newbold.
T., Ella W. Barber.

418. Pullman, West Va.

3747. P. & S., I. S. Hall.

419. Sunshine, N. C. Golden Rule Band.

3748. P., B. W. Bigginstry.
S., C. A. J. Yelton.
T., A. M. England.

420. McClure, Pa. Independence Band.

3749. P., Arthur D. Snyder.
S., John W. Weiland.

421. Joliet, Ill.

3750. P., Carrie Seeley.
S., M. E. Burke.

422. Bethel, Ohio. Little Sunbeam Band.

3751. P. & S., Rue M. Ely.

423. West Bay City, Mich. Autumn Leaf Band.

3752. P. & S., Maggie McMullen.

424. Mullgrove, N. C.

3753. P., J. M. Clappitt.
S., R. L. Hoke.

425. Fulton, Kansas.

3754. P., Mamie Felter.
S., Hattie Hills.

426. Joliet, Ill. Garfield Band.

3755. P., Florence Dyer.
S., Ray Hutchins.
T., Hattie Baer.

427. New Orleans, La. Siddhartha Band.

3756. P. & S., Mrs. S. Easton.

428. Grand Junction, Iowa. Merciful Band.

3757. P., Mattie Getz.
S., Aggie McMahon.
T., E. A. Carlton.

429. Elwyn, Pa. No. 2 Band.

3758. P., Isaac N. Kerlin, M. D.
S., Emma E. Jackson.

430. New Orleans, La. Daisy Band.

3759. P. & S., D. B. Maybin.

Humane Books for Young Folks.

Miss L. Farrar, of Rochester, N. Y., writes in the *Literary World* thus sensibly and wisely:

I would like to call the attention of mothers to books on humane topics as preferable, in almost every instance, to fairy tales or books of adventure. A child's imagination does not need stimulating, while his instinctive love of roving would suggest restraint rather than excitement. There are two small books, one called *Right and Wrong Contrasted*, by Thomas E. Hill, of Chicago, and the other, *Pleadings of Mercy for the Animal World*, which I would like to put into the hands of every child in these United States. Then, Gautier's *My Household of Pets*, Grace Greenwood's *Heads and Tails*, Mrs. Stowe's *Queer Little People*, and whatever "H. H." has to tell us about *Cats*—these books all educate the hearts of children, and, in this age of free-school cramming, the hearts are apt to be neglected. The world is full of books—alas! that so many of them are worthless—and children are unconsciously cultivating a taste for the weakest and the worst. I would earnestly entreat those who are intending to purchase books for the young, and who cannot decide which ones to select from the bewildering lists that are advertised, and displayed in our book-stores, to at least examine for themselves the few named above.

Band of Mercy Hymn.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

Tune,—*"Melody"* or *"Heber."*

"And now I lay me down to sleep,"

The little children say,
And He whose love their souls doth keep,
Who hears them when they pray,

Round child and bird and seraph throws
The mantle of His care;
The hand that sunset's glory shows
Hath made the rose so fair.

In the same guard that angels know,
The robin in her nest,
And field-mouse, in her dwelling low,
Sweetly and safely rest.

On grass and flower, His sunshine-rays,
His tender dews drop down,
His happy creatures' grateful praise
Entwines His dearest crown.

And when, through kindness we have done,
Their lives may happier be,
Our feeble hands, dear Lord, have won
Some fellowship with THEE.

Hymn for the Southern Bands of Mercy.

BY URSULA TANNENFORS.

Tune:—"Old Folks at Home."

Hark! ringing o'er the vales and mountains,
Joyous and clear,

Sweet carols gush like silver fountains,
Rolling to greet us here—

Where the cotton o'er our land is growing
Fleecy and white,—

Where Mississippi's tide is flowing
Seawards, so broad and bright!

"Mercy for the whole creation,
Man, and creatures all!"

Hark! to city and to lone plantation
Soundeth the stirring call!

Near us everywhere are harmless creatures
Lending us aid;—

O, let us learn from mercy's teachers;—
Well be their toil repaid!

Helpers in life's weary work and battle,
Speechless and strong;—

Loving household things, or patient cattle,—
Ne'er may we do them wrong!

"Mercy for the whole creation,
Man, and creatures all!"

O, to city and to lone plantation
Soundeth the stirring call!

Now, listening to that message sweeping
Onward its wings,

Let us take a pledge for faithful keeping:—
"Kindness to living things!"

Till, southwards o'er the green savannas,
On to the sea,

Mercy's hymns shall raise their glad hosannas,
Creatures protected be!

"Mercy for the whole creation,
Man, and creatures dumb!"

O, from city, and from lone plantation,
Harken! we come—we come!

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH. A pet cat in Norwich, Conn., refused to eat upon the death of her owner and insisted upon starving to death upon a beam in the shed. She was taken into the house and offered food several times, but declined to eat, and succeeded in breathing her last in the spot selected by herself.

POOR PETE. A little cur dog, known as "Pete," for the past 13 years has followed Patrolman Zelker of the Mercer street station, New York city, over his beat. While the faithful animal was crossing Bleecker street on Tuesday he was run over and killed.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, February, 1885.

Humane Department at the New Orleans World's Fair.

[LETTER FROM MR. ANGELL TO THE "MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN."]

My department is now in perfect order and attracts universal attention, particularly Mrs. Appleton's picture (ten feet by six) of the "*Bell of Justice*," with the story in very large print underneath and a hand pointing upward. It hangs about twenty feet from the floor, on a pillar running up about eighty feet to the roof. It faces the north, and so has a good light, and is seen at a long distance.

The south and west walls of my office are seven feet high, handsomely painted and papered, and on them I have some fifty or more humane pictures; all my cases are also made ornamental by being covered with humane pictures. I have in the centre of my office a large table six feet square covered with humane publications, foreign and American; another at the south side, six feet by three, with writing materials and humane publications; two others, six feet by three, used on the west side as counters, behind which are my book-case and shelves, with about 40,000 publications. All the tables are covered with handsome oilcloth, with pictures of animals.

The north and east sides of my office are open with a handsome fence around, painted cherry color. On the top of this fence I have tacked, where every one passing can read them, a large variety of publications; also large placards, showing that this is the "*Humane Division*;" "*Headquarters of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*;" "*Headquarters of American Bands of Mercy*," etc., etc.

My office is about twenty-five feet by thirty, with no cover but the roof, some eighty feet above my head, and plenty of chairs for all to sit while reading, writing or talking. Every person who desires is at liberty to sign in a large book prepared for the purpose, the pledge of the "*World's Centennial Band of Mercy*." Yesterday, the first day, I had signers from some sixteen different States. The leading newspapers of the city have given various excellent articles in regard to my mission here and our work.

I learned a few days ago that buildings were being erected and grounds prepared here for Mexican bull fights, and that the fighters and their bulls were on their way to New Orleans. I immediately sent letters to the papers, which they published, and the best of them backed up with strong editorials. I enclose one from the "*Times Democrat*," also a copy of my letter from the "*Picayune*." I am told that my visit here will result in much good. I am sure I hope it will. The Exposition is simply enormous, and is growing every day. There are single things worth traveling a hundred miles to see. With kindest wishes to all friends at the North.

New Orleans, La., Jan., 1885.

G. T. A.

Contributions to help carry on the work of the Society are needed and will be gratefully acknowledged.

The January Directors' meeting was held on Wednesday, the 21st ult., Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq. in the chair.

It was reported that the office agents investigated 117 complaints in December, prosecuted 8, had 21 animals taken from work, and 65 mercifully killed.

For the quarter ending with December, upwards of 500 complaints had been investigated by country agents, 20 prosecuted, 75 animals taken from work, and more than 100 mercifully killed.

Mrs. Appleton reported the successful re-opening of some drinking fountains, with gratifying statistics of the number of horses that had quenched their thirst, in disproof of the theory that such fountains are of little use to animals in winter.

Zealous in the Good Work.

On Sunday, Jan. 11, Mr. Angell addressed the Sunday school of the large and influential Trinity Episcopal Church of New Orleans. On Monday following, by invitation of the principal of one of the largest and best day schools in the city, he addressed about 600 pupils.

Bands of Mercy were to be formed in both forthwith. Mr. Angell has been invited to address the Straight University in which are about 500 colored pupils.

The Apostle of Mercy.

At the close of his successful labors in Toledo, Ohio, Rev. Mr. Timmins responded to a call from St. Louis with most gratifying results. Enlisting the earnest co-operation of prominent educators, both secular and religious, he organized a vigorous campaign, not impeded even by illness. Up to Jan. 22, there were formed in that city 268 Bands of Mercy, with 14,575 members.

It is estimated that the American Bands now number 4,033, with a membership of 273,571.

A Disgrace Averted.

It having been arranged to indulge in a series of bull fights in the immediate vicinity of New Orleans, no doubt as a sort of Mexican annex to the Exposition, Mr. Geo. T. Angell, the President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at once proceeded to make a vigorous protest in the press of that city and to the public authorities; and the result was that Gov. McEnery instructed the district attorney and other officers to prevent it at all hazards. Thus have these brutal spectacles been arrested, and a disgrace to civilization been averted when it would have caused the gravest reproach. In his communication to the press of New Orleans on this subject, Mr. Angell protested that "this barbarous sport is a direct conflict with the Christian and human sentiment of this country and the world," and that it would not be permitted in any European country except Spain and Portugal. The *Picayune*, in response to Mr. Angell's appeal, reviews the experience of Louisiana in this matter, and concludes with saying—"Let us not, in the light of our present civilization, return to the barbarism of forty years ago." It would have been above all things unfortunate if these brutal spectacles had been allowed to proceed, and to Mr. Angell is due the timely action which has secured their prevention.

—Mass. Ploughman.

Deputy Sheriff Washington M. French, who died at Quincy, Jan. 13, served the Society as Local Agent nearly fifteen years, accomplishing in his characteristically quiet manner an untold amount of good and effective work, for which he will receive just reward.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

—C. A. C.

From New Orleans Papers.

—In the Main Building is Mr. G. T. Angell's office, which is No. 44—O O. Mr. Angell and his assistant, Mr. Coleman, are busily engaged distributing humane publications for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and also in giving information to all interested in the good work. Mr. Angell has 40,000 copies of humane publications which he is giving free to the public. The walls of Mr. Angell's office are ornamented with pictures of the Royal family, all of whom are members of humane societies. The kind face of Mrs. Caroline Smithies, who formed the first "Band of Mercy" in England, is there, and also that of Richard Martin, who had the first law for prevention of cruelty to animals passed in England.

There, too, the benign countenance of Richard B. Kennett, another of England's humanitarians, looks down upon you, and also that of our own great humanitarian, Henry Bergh. There are pictures of beautiful well fed horses and cows, then of the poor, worn-out old slaves the cab-horses, hardly able to lift their feet, and pictures of the faithful devotion of man's greatest friend—his dog, and above these the illuminated text, "Blessed are the merciful." The office is further adorned by a painting of Longfellow's "*Bell of Justice*," 10 feet by 6. This picture was sent to the Exposition by Mrs. Wm. Appleton of Boston.

—The report of preparations for a bull fight caused a thrill of horror in the hearts of our people, and we congratulate the Council upon their refusal of a permit. Let them not swerve from their duty, no matter what pressure be brought to bear upon them. One of our most prominent criminal lawyers assured us that our laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals are good; let the Council remember that officers should not only support but enforce the laws. A bull fight in our city, in these civilized days, would be a disgrace to the whole community.

—The other evening one of the donkeys the children so love to ride, planted his feet firm and refused to move; the boys whipped and coaxed, and pushed and pulled, but the donkey was firm; he would not move; so the boys began to give him a first-class beating. While the blows were falling upon the donkey's back, a beautiful golden-haired girl of about six years stepped up, and putting her dimpled arms around the animal's neck, she said, "Oh, please, Mr. Donkey, won't you go, and I'll give you a kiss," and with the word her rosy lips laid a sweet kiss on the donkey's gray nose. He trotted off. It would take something more than a donkey to resist such a suppliant.

—The other day one of our most prominent ladies saw a man beating a mule unmercifully. She went up to the driver and requested him to desist. She received a surly reply as he continued to give blow upon blow to the poor animal. Nothing daunted, the lady pleaded the dumb creature's cause until the man's anger died away, and, soothed by her gentle remonstrances, he stood and listened. She told him of the Bands of Mercy to protect these suffering dumb beasts—told him that man was made to govern, not to ill-treat, the animals by whose labors many earn a living, and so she talked, not threatening but appealing to the man's kind feelings, which often exist under the roughest exterior—until the man stood convinced by her arguments and said, "I see it, mum; it ain't right nor manly to beat a dumb beast unmercifully, and I, for one, won't do it never again."

Expert Testimony.

There is a traditionary story of canine identity in the Boston municipal court, when Mr. Attorney General Austin was the prosecuting attorney for Suffolk. The defendant was indicted for stealing a large Newfoundland dog, which was produced in court, and to the ownership and identity of which the evidence on the part of the prosecution was positive. The defendant claimed the dog as his own, and in the course of the trial, he cried out to the dog who was standing near the jury, "Bose, my boy, roll over." Down went the dog, with a cry of recognition, to the amazement of Judge Thatcher, and the amusement of everybody else. A verdict of acquittal was rendered, and the prisoner carried off the dog amidst the shouts of the multitude.

—Every Other Saturday.

Doings of Kindred Societies.

—The nineteenth annual report of the American S. P. C. A., New York, has been issued in the usual elaborate and attractive form, abounding in statistics of the Society's great work and in varied useful information. Cruelties inflicted by the poor and humble are by no means the only ones inveighed against. Merited attention is given to "fashionable cruelties" against "the uncomplaining animals which are seen to drag the equipages of the rich along our thoroughfares, shorn of that protection which Nature provides against the cutting blasts of winter," the barbarous nicking of their tails, the ponderous bits and checks, the various pastimes of the race-course, the neglect of blanketing while standing before the shop-doors of the city by day, and the mansions of revelry by night, shivering from the intense cold of an Arctic winter.

—Rev. F. Denison, Sec. of Rhode Island Society P. C. A., at Providence, reports 178 cases investigated in December, 8 prosecutions, 11 animals humanely killed, and fines collected, \$30.

A public entertainment by the ladies for the Society's relief brought \$330 to the treasury.

No. 7 of Mr. Denison's "notes and suggestions" is this: Our Society has so far suppressed cruelty in the State that it now realizes no increase from fines; the fines, on an average, not exceeding the expenses of prosecution. This speaks a volume of praise for the good accomplished by the Society. The medicine of prevention has been powerful to heal. Now will our good, mercy-loving citizens stand by the Society in giving it a support?

—At the recent annual meeting of the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at Portsmouth, Thomas E. O. Marvin was elected President and State Agent; Mrs. Ichabod Goodwin and five others, Vice Presidents; Mrs. John J. Pickering and sixteen others, Directors; James R. May, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. J. J. Pickering and two others, Trustees; Mrs. Pickering and three others, Finance Committee; John S. H. Frink, Counsel.

Among the non-resident givers were Miss Wigglesworth of Boston, and Mrs. Gifford of New Haven. Forty dollars had been realized from a lawn party managed by Miss Evans. Mrs. Pickering had presented gold medals to the Keene High School, to be awarded for essays on kindness to animals. Over sixty dollars had been spent in the distribution of humane literature.

There had been 737 cases of neglect and abuse attended to, and 59 animals humanely killed. State Agent Marvin had travelled 2980 miles, of which 2051 were by rail, 653 with horses, and 276 on foot.

—The incorporators of the Vermont Humane Society have organized by electing Hon. Henry B. Williams of Monkton, President; Dr. Henry D. Holton of Brattleboro, Vice-President; Hon. Oscar E. Butterfield of Wilmington, Treasurer; and Erwin A. Hasseltine of Bristol, Secretary.

—Agent O. H. Ingalls favors us with a digest of the past year's doings of the Bangor, Me., Humane Society. A large amount of useful work has been performed. More than 1000 horses have been examined and the owners or drivers admonished where there was evidence of neglect or abuse. Several old, worn out horses have been humanely killed. Many abuses in the transportation of cattle and sheep have been corrected by co-operation of the railroad officials. Families have been visited to examine into reports of neglect and abuse of children. There has been much overloading and overworking of teams employed to transport persons to and from the Fair grounds on race-days. Just complaint is made against those that take horses on the track to test their speed and in what is termed the "warming up process." One horse was thus driven to death.

There has been much improvement as to the care of all animals in the past few years. The barns and stables are much warmer, water more plenty and easier of access, better working gears for horses, fewer abused or maimed dogs, and starving cats in our streets, and even the birds are allowed to build their nests and rear their young undisturbed. Gratitude is expressed to the people of Bangor and the adjoining towns for their sympathy and cheerful aid.

—The annual meeting of the Washington Society P. C. A. was held Jan. 13. The treasurer's report showed

that the Society was in a flourishing condition, the receipts having been more than twice as much as for the previous year. An amendment to the constitution, reducing the annual dues from \$2 to \$1, was laid over under the rules.

A member called the attention of the Society to the fact that President-elect Cleveland had long been a member of the Buffalo Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and was a director of it.

At the conclusion of the meeting copies of a satirical representation of a fox hunt, presented by Nathan Appleton of Boston, were distributed.

The Society will extend its beneficent work to the protection of children, as well as animals, from cruelty and abuse, and henceforth take the name of the "Washington Humane Society." May great success attend it.

—The fifth annual meeting of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was held Jan. 13th, at the rooms of the society, No. 1 Pemberton square, Mr. Charles D. Head, the president of the association, in the chair. The secretary, Mr. Frank B. Fay, presented his report, from which the following statistics are taken: The number of new cases reported during the year was 914, involving 2093 children. Of these 1366 had intemperate fathers or mothers; 586 had lost either father or mother; 311 had a parent in prison. The society placed 770 of these in better homes. In addition to these there were 3505 other children in cases which had previously been before the society, so that the total number of children coming under the supervision of the society during the year was 5598. Among their other methods they had 247 cases in court.

The report of the treasurer, Mr. Charles F. Atkinson, shows the receipts for the year to have been \$6168.14, and expenses, \$11,892.67. The following were chosen as a board of directors: Charles F. Atkinson, Mrs. William P. Atkinson, Miss Helen F. Ayres, John Ayres, Joseph S. Bigelow, Mrs. William G. Brooks, Miss J. Burrage, Mrs. George Derby, Mrs. R. T. Edes, Miss Florence Everett, Frank B. Fay, George P. Hayward, Charles Head, Charles D. Head, Mrs. A. Hemenway, Mrs. John E. Henderson, Mrs. Daniel C. Holder, Miss Helen M. Ireson, Mrs. John Lathrop, James Lawrence, Mrs. Solomon Lincoln, Mrs. John Lowell, Edward R. Wharton, James Purinton, William Howell Reed, Mrs. J. L. Roberts, Mrs. E. A. Samuels, C. F. Shimmis, Dr. John B. Swift, Miss Ellen M. Tower, Mrs. Winslow Warren, William S. Whitwell, Charles J. Whitmore, Mrs. J. W. Wolcott.

—Under the wise management of Miss Chamberlain, the Henry Bergh Band of Mercy of Philadelphia has enrolled in the past six months over 500 boys and girls whose brave defence of ill used animals is daily becoming more conspicuous. At a recent entertainment the winner of prizes in a spelling match generously gave them to a boy who works to support a widowed mother and so cannot attend school. One of the lads was presented by Miss S. K. Davidson with a handsome book as a reward for bringing about a humane change in his father's slaughter-house.

Doubtless our friend Kuhtmann, of Bremen, thought it a novel illustration of the power of the press when the perversion of types in our January edition removed him, *volens volens*, to Berlin. The 'animated nature' of the Hanse town would cry out in speechful protest against a transfer of their humane protector.

At a recent meeting of one of the humane societies, says the newspaper report, "an informal discussion was had upon the subject of cruelty to chickens in the market by carrying them head downwards and legs tied together. It was resolved to obtain the opinion of experts as to the question of such treatment being cruel."

Whether the "experts" were to be from the carriers or the carried is not stated. But if the chickens could be given articulate speech their "question" might be—"how would you like it yourselves?"

Golden Days for Jan. 24th, contains a fine and copiously illustrated story of a "pau doggie" by J. Arthur Elliott, called "Regimental Jack, a Story of the Crimean Campaign."

Some Other Doings.

—A brutal dog-fight recently took place in Newburyport, and a repetition of the disgraceful scene was announced. But President Moseley, of the Society P. C. A., announces a prosecution of the promoters if the thing is attempted.

—A correspondent writes from New Bedford about a barbarous fox-hunt in that city:

A tame fox was taken into the suburbs in a box, let loose and given an hour's run. Then the hounds were put on the trail, and after a time the poor frightened animal—putting faith in men who were more brutal than the brutes themselves—ran back to the box for protection. This had been turned over, and again the hunted creature fled. It ran into a hole, only to have its tail bitten off by a dog. Thus tortured, the poor, maimed fox ran again, and finally died from exhaustion. And men—once made in the image of their Maker, but, alas! how fallen—looked on enjoying this infernal pastime. Truly Bands of Mercy are needed to train the rising generation to deeds of humanity.

—At Quebec a successful raid has been made on a notorious cock-pit. "As the police approached the spot some women who were in the vicinity rushed to the building to give the alarm. The police who noticed the move, rushed too, and reached the door as soon as the women entered. Some of the men of his force having been stationed at the door, Col. Vohl entered with the others. An amusing scene followed. As soon as the alarm "the police," was whispered around, all present were seized with consternation. Some pulled down their caps over their faces and others attempted to crawl under the benches."

Seven birds were seized for confiscation, ten principals in the barbarous sport arrested for trial, and fifty-two more curious than wise spectators paroled to appear in Court. Good cause for the remark of the *Chronicle*: "There was any amount of crowing in the police station and in the Court, but it was more on the part of the cocks than of their owners."

—Mr. Richard Barlow Kennett publishes this vigorous notice in the *Animal World*:

I hereby warn fox-hunters and hare-hunters never again to trespass on my lands and farms in Hampshire, Surrey, and Berkshire. Four of my men were in a field of mine at Hambleton, and witnessed an act of gross cruelty and agony. A fox almost hunted to death came towards them with unsteady gait, reeling first to one side and then to another, from exhaustion; it tumbled over, rose again, tried to run, tumbled over again, and before it could gather strength enough to escape, the hounds rushed upon it and tore it to pieces. And there were several men there on horseback enjoying this shameful sport, who call themselves gentlemen. On another occasion a hunted fox found shelter in one of my cottages, but was brought out and given to the hounds by these merciless sportsmen. One of my man servants went to a sale the other day, near which he saw a hunted hare trying in vain to escape from about forty men on horseback and twenty hounds. The poor thing got to the hills but was turned, and then, in full cry, a shrill horn was blown, the fellows shouted and hallooed, and the hounds gained upon the frightened little animal until she tumbled over, then she rose again and sat up and cried with the scream of a child—nobody would have known the difference—until the dogs came upon her and destroyed her.

A St. Paul man heads an advertisement of his "Book of Knowledge" in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* with the assertion that "Satan is Coming." Judging by some of the cruelties this Society has to deal with we should say that the party had arrived.

"Mark how plain a tail shall put you down," remarked the alligator as he swept the little darkey within easy lurching distance.

A man of coarse, vulgar nature breaks his leg or his neck. 'What is he then? A vulgar fraction.

A Boy and His Dog.

A boy and a dog make the greatest of chums. A boy who owns a dog is well provided with good company. They are true friends and neither would think of such a thing as going back on the other. Their friendship for each other is true and faithful. If you meet one you are pretty sure to see the other near by, and if one gets into a quarrel, the other is sure to take a hand in it. Did you ever notice a boy and a dog that have been together any length of time? Of course you have. Why, they understand each other as well, and better, in fact, than two boys would. The dog knows exactly what his little master means when he speaks, and will stick up his ears, turn his head on one side then on the other and look the boy square in the face with an all but human expression on his countenance, when he is being talked to. It is, "love me, love my dog" with every boy. To insult one is to insult the other, and an insult to each is resented by both. Why, you could no more buy that dog of his young master than you could hire him to kill his best friend. The wag of that dog's tail is of more value to the boy than anything else, aside, may be, his mother's love, in the world. A dog is a most excellent companion to give a boy. That dumb brute will be true even to death to the boy, and his faithfulness to his young friend does, to a certain extent, create a true and faithful disposition in the boy toward his friends. A boy is generally in good company when he and his dog go out into the woods and fields, and the parent has a reasonable feeling of security for the boy in such company.

—Peck's Sun.

The Office Cat.

A very good thing for a newspaper shop,
Where copy by bushels comes in,
And only quick hands can keep up with the crop,
Or tell at which end to begin,
And where the best heads must grow weary at times,
So bothered by this and by that,
Is an excellent office cat—
A capable, knowing, and quite thoroughgoing,
Responsible office cat.

This business-like cat, in its feline way,
So silently wanders about,
Absorbing in quiet, by night or by day,
All copy that lies under doubt;
And so bosh by the yard becomes lost to the sight,
And many a bore is laid flat
By this sensible office cat—
This useful, laborious, never uproarious,
Efficient old office cat.

The editor, missing some bothersome thing,
No longer the subject pursues,
But strokes the sleek cat as it sits at his side,
With a smile that is meant to amuse;
His conscience is clear, and his labor is saved,
And be sure he will never say "Scat!"
To that beauteous old office cat—
That careful, industrious, highly illustrious,
Truly good old office cat.

—New York Sun.

What we are pleased to call the world below us is full of intelligence.



JULIAN'S PET.

A Stray Kitten's Good Luck.

In December a little wanderer appeared at the home of a lady in this city, whether cruelly "dropped" and seeking shelter, or tired and hungry in travels to see the sights, cannot be known. In either case a very fortunate kitten just then. Tied to the neck was a card with these words—"I would like to see the owner of this cat. Please call." Kitty could not explain the inscription, nor could the lady interpret it.

She could not keep the new-comer nor would she turn this suppliant for mercy adrift. So, on hospitable thought intent, she came to this office seeking a permanent home for it. Here she found many applications to "dispose of" (a mild euphemism for a harsh little word of four letters) unfortunate cats, not one to give them good homes. But with woman's wit and heart she bethought herself of another way. Then appeared this advertisement in the *Daily Globe*:

A LADY will give a membership ticket with a year's subscription to Our Dumb Animals to any little child who will give a good home to a nice kittie. Address "A. 35," Globe office.

Quickly came the following answers.

FLORA, SOMERVILLE.—We saw your advertisement in the *Globe* for a home for a little kitten, and as we have lost ours, and have been looking for one for some time, we would like to take yours. My little brother Julian would like it very much.

EDWARD, ROXBURY.—Referring to your advertisement in the *Globe* of Tuesday relative to giving a home to a kittie, I wish to inform you that I will do so. I am 13 years of age.

ARTHUR, SO. NATICK.—I have a nice home for a kittie and would like one.

LIZZIE, EAST BOSTON.—Seeing your advertisement in the paper, and being very fond of cats, I venture to answer it. Please write and let me know all about it.

P. S.—The best of homes will be given it.

MRS. —, CHARLESTOWN.—I have read your advertisement in the *Globe* and thought I would answer it. I have a little girl and she just loves kitties, and I have been thinking of getting her one, and would like an answer to this, telling where I can get it.

LILLIAN, JAMAICA PLAIN.—In reading the paper I came across the advertisement of the little kittie and I would like very much to have another one as I have a large one. I am very fond of pets.

MOLLIE, SOUTH BOSTON.—Seeing your notice in the paper about a little child that would give a kittie a good home, I would love to have one to take care of very much as I am very fond of cats and dogs.

NETTIE, SALEM.—Mamma read that you wanted a home for a nice kittie. I am a little girl nine years old. I have a good home and would like to share it with kittie. I would be pleased with the book called *Our Dumb Animals*. I hope to hear from you and the kittie soon. From a friend to kitties.

Flora's little brother Julian had his wish gratified. And so by the ingenious persistency of a tender-hearted woman, a creature likely to become a cruelly treated city waif, found a good home. If Julian's pet will be as wise as it was lucky, much happiness is in store. Halcyon days of kittenhood, the useful activities of feline maturity, the calm joys of a sage grimalkin, and a placid voyage to the Fortunate Isles of happy cat-land.

In this true story there is a moral too obvious to need pointing out.

"Our Tim."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

What would you give to know him?
Our beautiful household pet!
His coat is a brilliant amber,
His eyes are sapphire and jet.

He wears white velvet mittens,
And slippers just the same;
Now don't you think he's pretty?
And how do you like his name?

And then he's so wise and knowing,
And has such pretty ways!
He tipped the lamp from the table,
And set the room in a blaze!

And now he's doing a door-mat;
Not working embroidery in,
But pulling the hempen threads out,
This bit of original sin!

He sometimes sits at the window,
And looks so very wise,
As if he was studying nature,
When he's only catching flies!

He's nothing but a kitten,
But soon he'll be a cat;
And then, look out, ye mouses!
And you too, Mr. Rat!

—M. S. W.

Cambridge.

Words—so innocent and powerless are they, as standing in a dictionary; how potent for good and evil they become to one who knows how to combine them!

A Mean Advantage.

In the Southern States a charcoal-cart is a very simple, home-made affair. There is hardly a nail in it, and it is made of slabs and stubs, fastened together by means of auger-holes and pins.

The charcoal is sold by the barrel,—a curious way, as the barrels are not always of the same size. The front of the cart is removed, the mule or horse taken out of the shafts and fed (if it has not already eaten up the stock of fodder leaves), while the driver of the cart takes the barrel of charcoal into the customer's house.

Sometimes, on a hot morning, the driver, after having delivered his goods, will sit under the shade for a rest, which generally ends in a nap.

In the picture you may see uncle Cæsar, the driver of a charcoal cart, engaged in this recreation. Kitty, his little mule, has already consumed her allowance of fodder. But mules can always eat. Uncle Cæsar's tattered and dingy straw hat looks, to Kitty, very much like some of the provender given to her. She begins to nibble at it.

Uncle Cæsar feels something moving about his head; but he thinks it is a fly, which he scares away with his hand. The hat is gradually going off, and is almost between Kitty's teeth, when the children laugh aloud at the sight, and uncle Cæsar wakes up.

"Hi! Ain't you had 'nough to eat, dat you mus' go and eat my hat?" cries uncle Cæsar. "Nebber see de like uv' yo' since I was born! Mule eat people's hats! an' done had yo' dinner too; 'twas a mean kind o' 'vantage to take uv yo' marster anyhow. Aint no 'lance (reliance) to be put in a mule nohow."

And so uncle Cæsar puts up the front of his cart, hitches up Kitty, giving her a smart cuff in the flank, tells the children that they have no business "larfin' at ole folks," and drives off, crying, "Charcoal, ladies!" at the top of his voice.

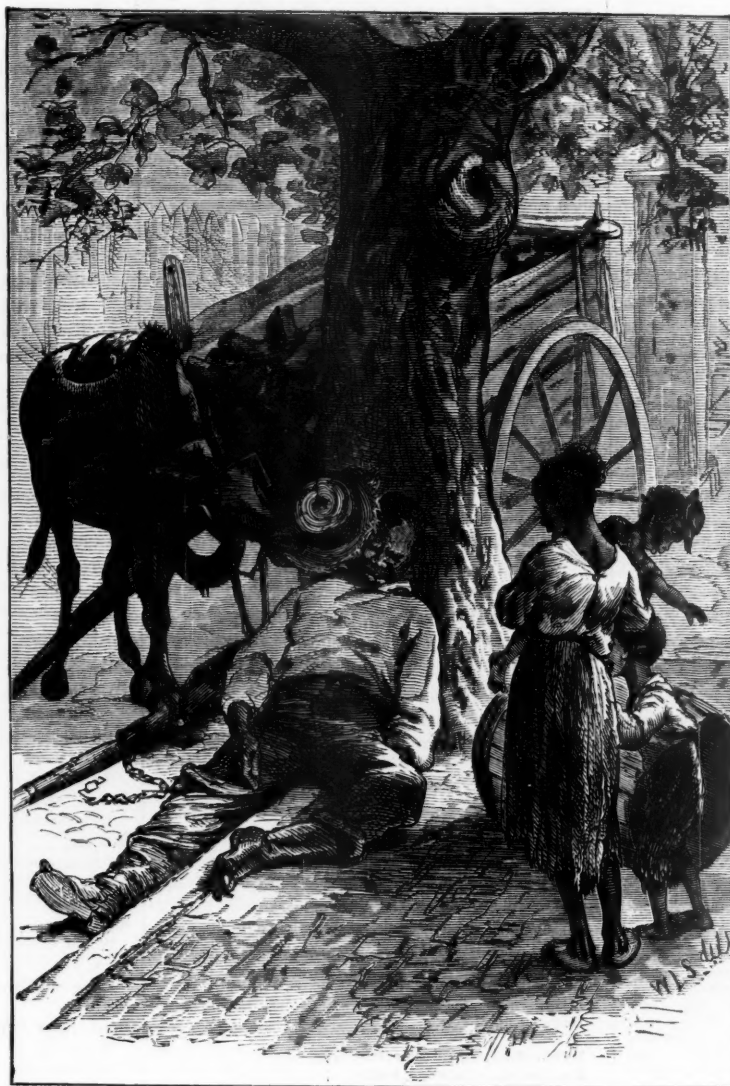
Bird Trimming for Bonnets.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

One day a pupil of the painter Gros came into his studio with a superb butterfly, which he had just caught, pinned to his cap. The artist was so much excited by the sight of the fluttering insect, that he exclaimed angrily, "What, unfortunate young man, is this the demonstration of your love for the beautiful! You find a charming creature and you crucify and kill it in the most barbarous manner. Go, never more enter this studio, never let me see your face again!"

What would the artist say to our ladies, who carry dogs through the streets in their arms to show their affection for animals, whilst they encourage the wholesale slaughter of birds that they may enhance their own beauty at the expense of the feathered innocents?

—L. B. U.



UNCLE CÆSAR WAKED FROM HIS NAP.

A True Tale of a Dog.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Mr. David G. Batchelder, Supt. of the Salem Lead Co., has recently come into possession of a noble, large St. Bernard dog. In order to make him as comfortable and contented as possible he constructed a handsome and commodious kennel, with windows for ventilation and sunlight.

A few days since "Hero," in some manner unknown to any of the family, broke one of the panes of glass in his kennel. He at once went to the kitchen window and attracted the attention of Mrs. B. and the servant, and by "dog signs" pointed out the mischief, and appealed in mute language to them to go out and mend it. Failing to persuade them, he undertook the job himself. Picking from the ground with his teeth the piece of glass which had fallen out, he made several attempts to put it in place, but having no experience as a glazier he gave up trying and calmly awaited the return of his master. The damage was then repaired, and "Hero" was happy.

—Lewis A. Manning.

John Pounds and his Cat.

A nice little girl, with clean bright face, and neatly dressed, evidently well taken care of at home, came and climbed up on the old man's knee, and put her little white arm around his dark rough neck, and he gave her a kiss, and she looked very happy. A cat came with her, brushing against his leathern apron, as if pleased with all that was going on. "Now, Lizzy, here's the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew; it's what our Saviour's saying to the multitude, as He sits on the mountain side." And she read the chapter through with a clear pleasant voice, and with scarcely any hesitations, and as if she felt it. All the other children were still, and listening, as if they were interested in what she was reading. "That'll do, Lizzy." And he gave her another kiss. "Now go to puss and the young birds in the corner."

And she jumped off his knee merrily; and puss went with her to the basket, and the young birds in the farther corner.

"That's my cat, Sir. There's ne'er another cat in all the neighborhood round can come up to my cat. She's a-nestling my young birds for me. She takes to 'em and brings 'em up as if they's her own kittens. And she's not let any other cat or dog come near 'em.' One day a butcher's lad comes by, and sees my cat driving a big dog away from the door. 'You's a fine cat there, Master,' he says. 'Yes,' I says; 'she brings up my young birds for me; and she's not let ne'er another cat or dog come near 'em. 'I see a big bull-dog at home,' he says; 'she's make nothing of him.' 'You's best not try,' I says. 'But I will though,' he says. An' he's a-going off to fetch his big bull-dog. I says to him, 'You's not a-going to

do that 'ere?' 'But I bes though,' he says. 'You's best not,' I says; 'I'se not be answerable for the consequences.' But he goes off, and brings his big bull-dog. Just before he gets to my door, he spirts it up-like, all keen and eager. An' just as he comes to my open door:—'There 'tis!'—he says;—'In with y'!'—An' just as his big bull-dog's a plunging in all among my poor little things—they's all so frightened,—poor things!—my cat springs on dog's back, and begins a-clawing back of his head. Dog turns up his mouth to bite at her. My cat strikes her claw into his eye. Dog ducks down his head, and turns up t'other side to bite at her. My cat strikes her claw into that eye. Dog bobs down his head again. An' so they goes on; till dog bolts down street with my cat on his back. Poor thing! By the time they gets to the sallyport,—if he isn't blind o' both eyes. But it's all the lad's fault. He didn't ought to do it. He's not do it again in a hurry."

—Henry Hawkes, in *Recollections of John Pounds.*

Officers of the Society.**President.**

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Boston.

Vice-Presidents.

His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

Directors.

George T. Angell,
Mrs. Wm. Appleton
George Noyes,
Dr. D. D. Slade,
Russell Sturgis, Jr.,
Henry S. Russell,
Mrs. J. C. Johnson,
William H. Baldwin,
G. J. F. Bryant,
Henry F. Kidder,
Samuel E. Sawyer,
Miss Florence Lyman,
Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb,
J. Murray Forbes,
Daniel Needham,
Henry B. Hill,
J. Boyle O'Reilly,
Nathan Appleton,
Mrs. R. T. Paine, Jr.,
Miss Alice Russell,
Thomas W. Bicknell,
Robert K. Darrah,
Percival L. Everett,
Augustus Hemenway,
Benjamin F. Ware,
David Nevins,
Charles F. Donnelly,
Mrs. Henry K. Horton,
J. Frank Wadleigh.

Secretary.—Joseph L. Stevens.

Treasurer.—Charles Fairchild.

Finance Committee.—J. Murray Forbes, George Noyes, Mrs. William Appleton, Daniel Needham.

Committee on Legislation, Transportation and Slaughtering.—Nathan Appleton, Mrs. William Appleton, J. Murray Forbes, Augustus Hemenway, Henry B. Hill, Miss Florence Lyman, Dr. D. D. Slade.

On Officers and Prosecutions.—Samuel E. Sawyer, Robert K. Darrah, Mrs. J. C. Johnson, Henry B. Hill, George Noyes, Benjamin F. Ware.

On Humane Education, Publications and Prizes.—George Noyes, Mrs. William Appleton, Nathan Appleton, Thomas W. Bicknell, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, J. Boyle O'Reilly.

On The Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford Sheltering Home for Animals.—Nathan Appleton, Percival L. Everett, Mrs. Henry K. Horton, David Nevins, Miss Alice Russell, Dr. D. D. Slade, J. Frank Wadleigh.

Trustees of Permanent Fund.—Samuel E. Sawyer, Samuel C. Cobb, George T. Angell.

Auditors.—Samuel E. Sawyer, William H. Baldwin.

Counsellor.—William Minot, Jr.

Prosecuting Agents at Boston Offices.—Charles A. Currier, Joseph Baker, Thomas Langlan.

Clerk at Society's Office.—Francis S. Dyer.

The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

Annual Battle.

There is an annual battle between American martins and English sparrows at Midvale, N. J., for the possession of a box fixed upon a pole, wherein the martins have nested for many years. This box is coveted by the sparrows, and every spring, before the martins return from their autumnal migrations, they build their nests and set up house-keeping in it. This year they went through the performance, and when the martins came they found their home in the possession of strangers. After flying about the box for some time the whole flock of martins betook themselves to a neighboring tree and there kept up a chattering, which had all the appearance of an indignation meeting. Then they made an attack on the box, and for some time there was a lively scrimmage among the feathers. The American birds succeeded in ousting the pugilistic foreigners after a hard fight, and then began a house-cleaning. The nests of the sparrows were ruthlessly dragged to the opening of the box, from which they were thrown to the ground. Every bit of straw or other material composing the sparrow's nests was thrown out, and the disconsolate sparrows had to seek a new home.

Health Alphabet.

The Ladies' Sanitary Association of London, gives the following simple rules for keeping health:

A—a soon as you are up, shake blanket and sheet;
B—etter be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
C—hildren, if healthy, are active, not still;
D—amp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
E—at slowly and always chew your food well;
F—ind the air in the house where you dwell;
G—arments must never be made too tight;
H—omes should be healthy, airy and light;
I—f you wish to be well, as you do I've no doubt,
J—ust open the windows before you go out;
K—eep the rooms always tidy and clean;
L—et dust on the furniture never be seen;
M—uch illness is caused by the want of pure air;
N—ow, to open the windows be ever your care;
O—ld rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
P—eople should see that their floors are well swept;
Q—uick movements in children are healthy and right;
R—emember the young cannot thrive without light;
S—ee that the cistern is clean to the brim;
T—ake care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
U—se your nose to find if there be a bad drain;
V—ery sad are the fevers that come in its train;
W—alk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;

Cases Reported at Office in December.

For beating, 7; overworking and overloading, 4; overdriving, 1; driving when lame or galled, 32; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 17; torturing, 4; driving when diseased, 3; general cruelty, 49.

Total, 147.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 51; warnings issued, 24; not found, 6; not substantiated, 24; anonymous, 4; prosecuted, 8; convicted, 5; pending, 1, [No. 9.]

Animals taken from work, 21; killed, 65.

By Country Agents, Fourth Quarter, 1884.

For beating, 32; overloading, 51; overdriving, 45; driving when lame or galled, 106; driving when diseased, 24; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 70; torturing, 10; abandoning, 7; general cruelty, 238.

Total, 583.

Disposed of as follows, viz: remedied without prosecution, 532; not substantiated, 31; prosecuted, 20; convicted, 13; left to avoid arrest, 2.

Animals taken from work, 79; killed, 102.

Receipts by the Society in December.**FINES.**

From Police Court.—Chelsea, [2 cases,] \$15.

District Courts.—E. Boston, \$5; S. Boston, \$20; W. Roxbury, \$20.

Witness fees, \$3.90.

FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

H. O. H., \$50; M. S. Quincy, \$10; Mrs. F. A. Davis, \$10; Mrs. Anna L. Thompson, \$10; M. E. L'Hommedieu, \$4; F. R. Merriam, .50.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

H. E. Smith, Mrs. Geo. Vincent, S. R. Urbino, S. Friedman, R. M. Pulsifer, J. C. Litz, E. W. Bond, Geo. C. Fisk, D. W. Ellis, R. T. Prentiss, E. Wright, Anderson Allyn, C. H. Woodson, W. D. Washburn, J. C. Converse, L. J. Gunn, James H. Newton.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

R. F. Claffin, J. W. D. Osgood, Mr. Hamilton, J. A. Baldwin, D. Frank Hall.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

S. O. Lamb, E. A. Ball, E. G. May, Mrs. Col. Cooper, Susie Cleur, Miss Ellis, E. M. Allen.

Total, \$186.50.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Penn. Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$25; Woman's B'ch Flushing Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$5; Anna C. Brown, \$4; Elizabeth Farrar, \$3.50; W. B. Clarke & Carruth, \$3.15; Clara Musselman, \$2; Mrs. J. H. Morris, \$1.50; E. C. Simmons, \$1.50; H. D. Noyes & Co., \$1.20; est. Joseph Poor, .38; M. A. Peet, .17.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

M. E. L'Hommedieu, Mrs. W. A. Robinson, Lizzie C. Haynes, Elizabeth P. Hall, C. C. Fenlon, Mrs. S. E. Bickford, Mrs. E. R. Dodge, Helen M. Hunt, Susan B. Thompson, Mrs. H. B. Fuller.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Mrs. C. C. Humphrey, Fanny R. Merriam, Mrs. C. H. Stearns, S. M. Hall, Prof. J. W. P. Jenks, Warren B. Parker, Miss Lisle, Chas. H. Chandler, W. G. Taylor, Levi Knowles, Wm. B. Brigham, Josiah W. Leeds, Nat. Home for Soldiers, Wis., Mrs. H. K. W. Hall.

Total, \$65.40.

OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$470.72; publications sold, \$9.04.

Total receipts in December, \$795.56.

Couldn't Quarrel.**A FABLE.**

In the depths of a forest lived two foxes, who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day in the politest fox language:

"Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear friend; but how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said fox number one. "Two-legged people fall out, why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would give way. At last number one brought two stones.

"There," said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. These stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the other, jumping up and licking his face.

"You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day."

—Christian Weekly.

Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.
Friends of Animals. Chicago, Ill.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animals' Friend. Geneva, Switzerland.
Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Bulletin of Cuban S. P. A. and Plants. Havana, Cuba.
German P. A. Journal "Ibis." Berlin, Prussia.
American Society P. C. A. New York, N. Y.
Nineteenth Annual Report, for 1884.

Keep.

Keep to the right as the law directs,
Keep from the world thy friend's defects;
Keep all thy thoughts on purest themes,
Keep from thine eyes the motes and beams;
Keep true thy deed, thy honor bright,
Keep firm thy faith in God and right;
Keep free from any sin and stain,
Keep from the ways that bring the pain.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole ten bound together, or \$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses," .45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, .95 "
Humane Picture Card, "Waiting for the Master," .75 "
"Selections From Longfellow," 3.00 "
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy," .45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc., .65 "
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 "
"Band of Mercy Melodies," book form, 3c. each, or \$2 per 100.
Band of Mercy Register, 6 cents.
"Cards of Membership," 2 cents each.
All the above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS,

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the
MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

TERMS:

Single copies, per annum, 50 cents; for four copies and below ten, 45 cents; for ten and below twenty-five copies, 40 cents; for twenty-five and below fifty, 35 cents; for fifty and below one hundred, 30 cents; and for one hundred and more copies, as now, 25 cents each, in advance. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Editor, 95 Tremont Street, Boston.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP:

Active Life, - - - \$100 00 Associate Annual, - - - \$5 00
Associate Life, - - - 50 00 Children's, - - - 1 00
Active Annual, - - - 10 00 Branch, - - - 1 00

All members receive OUR DUMB ANIMALS free, and all publications of the Society.

OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:

93 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Entrance around the corner, 1 Bosworth Street.

Coburn Bros. & Snow, Printers, 39 Summer St., Boston.

ana,
sia.
Y.

l at
clude

er 100

or \$2

cents.
each.
ers at

LS,

IE
ALS.

ow ten,
twenty-
red, 30
is each,

nt to the

\$5 00
- 1 00
- 1 00

publica-

reet.